

In this issue...

The Herald visits the
Upper Canada Brewery
(Hiccup!)

The Bioethics Debate

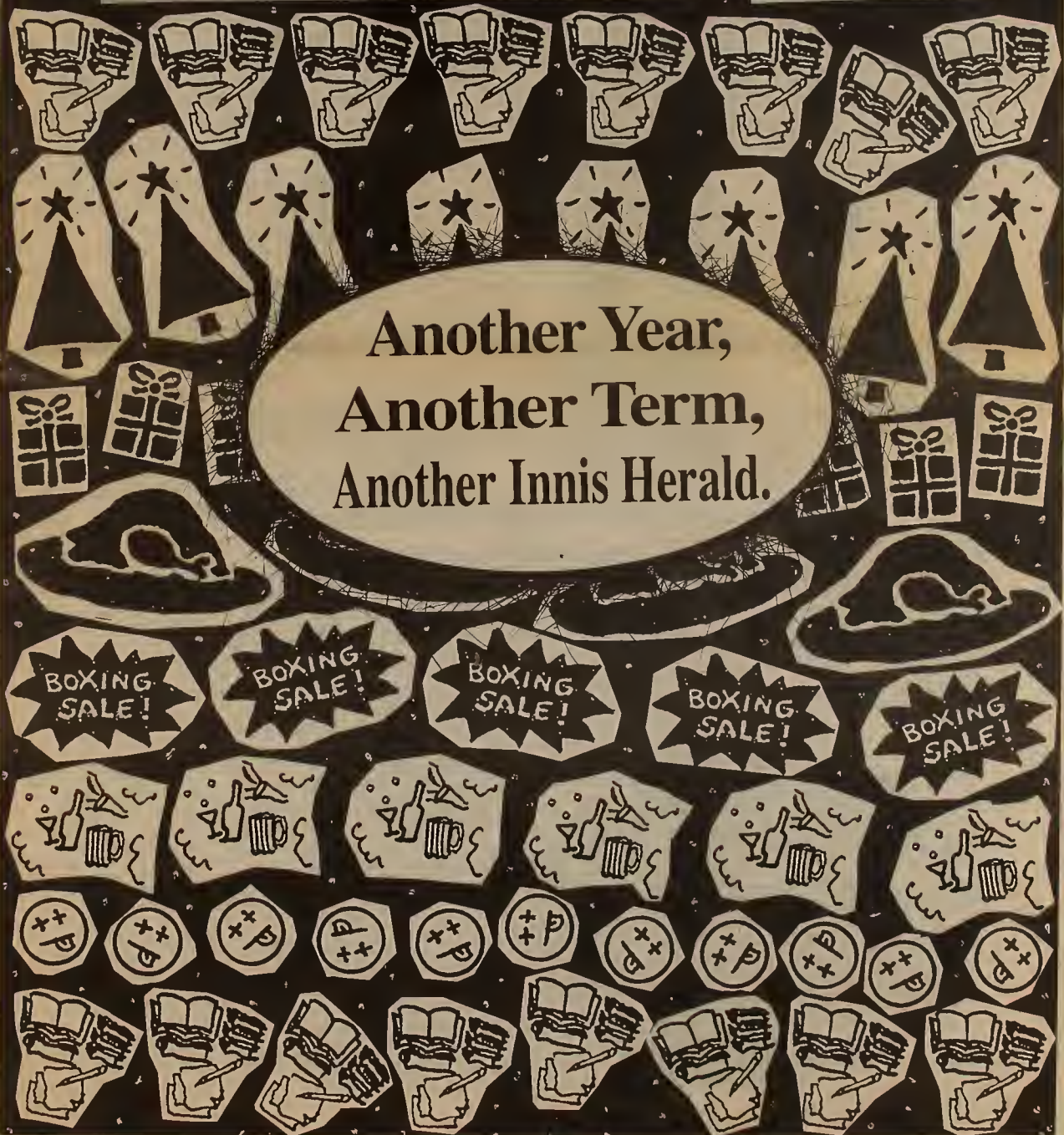
The Daviault Case

Rurals, Urbans

Music & movie reviews

Plus Much, Much More!

Another Year,
Another Term,
Another Innis Herald.



Toronto: Just a city, not a state of mind

A friend once told me that Paris, London and Berlin were simply extended suburbs of Toronto. Although joking, I shudder to think of an Albertan or Nova Scotian overhearing our little *parlé*. We were discussing the onerous and outdated Canadian myth that has put Ontario in the black books of just about every other province in the country.

Torontonians think they are the centre of the universe.

Now, I have met Torontonians who think this about themselves, but it is usually for reasons other than their geographical location. Toronto is a big city and attracts a lot of BIG things. Big film stars, big sports events, big musicians etc. But it makes sense to go where the supply is most in demand. And so what if Toronto is in the central Canada time zone? Sixteenth century explorers happened to discover the Saint Lawrence seaway first, and no amount of political correctness is going to change that.

Does all this make Torontonians self-centred?

I don't think so. Most Hog Town residents came from somewhere else

anyway. Not just other countries, but from towns, villages and cities all over Canada. It's hard to feel the centre of anything when you're just one of millions fighting for a seat on the streetcar. If anything, most Torontonians feel "West coast envy". Vancouver has the Pacific ocean and the Rocky Mountains. Toronto has Nickel Beach and Scarberia. B.C. and Alberta lead the country in high employment and overall prosperity. In Toronto 20,000 people have to line up for a handful of GM jobs.

Self centred? Yeah, right.

Toronto is just a city and those of us who live here just live here. We like it fine. Just as much as Edmontonians like Edmonton. No more, no less. And we don't necessarily think it's the best, or that people who live out West or down East should come here instead of Saskatoon or Moosejaw. So the next time you hear someone say "Toronto thinks it's the centre of the universe", just tell them, "yeah, and astronomers used to think the world was flat."

1995: The Year of Slackerdom

Plans are made to be broken. Promises are rarely kept; New Year's resolutions have become a thing of the past. Self-indulgence has become acceptable in our current culture because we are living in a time of excess pleasures, but hey, why live for the future when we could have a damn great time in the present? Why save money for a rainy day when you could blow it on that CD you've always wanted? Life moves too fast and people are finally starting to take notice.

I, and many others, have discarded rigid schedules for our precious sanity to remain intact. In the past, we had meticulously planned our lives to the minutest detail only to have these affairs blow up in our faces. So much for linearity. Life just doesn't unfold in a straight line; I wish I would've taken heed of that fact a lot earlier; so much wasted time... and time is simply not a thing to waste.

Even though time forms an integral part of our lives, it teases us with its

unpredictable way of handling events. As much as we don't want to admit it, we depend on time to keep us on the 'right track', but sometimes we are struck with incidences beyond our capable control, thwarting perhaps our dinner plans for the evening. Why plan when we can't predict the future?

Plans stack our lives into neat little piles of (tentative) order just waiting to be destroyed. That is why I completely support any who decide to follow the path to slackerdom. Laziness is not evil - uptight asses are. Eat that piece of peanutbutter-chocolate pie instead of worrying about trying to get into that slinky black dress!

Get high now instead of saving it for a better time because any time is a good time!

Life is dreadfully quick, so watch out because you may get cheated. The only New Year's resolution you should worry about keeping is to have fun, and LOADS of it.

Quote from our Prez:

"Hey, I think you're cuuuute."

-Aaron Magney
ICSS President

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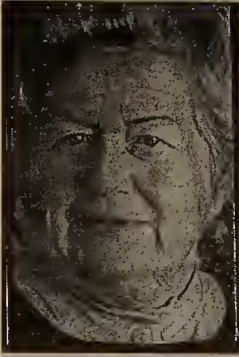
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The Innis Herald is a monthly, student-run newspaper of Innis College. The Innis Herald has an open-letter policy. We reserve the right to edit any submissions, including sexist, racist, or homophobic contents, in consultation with the author. All writing submitted must be accompanied by the author's signature and telephone number. The views and opinions expressed in the Innis Herald attribute only to their authors and do not reflect the opinions of Innis College and the student body.

random THOUGHTS



It's Ask Aunt Alma Time!

ation. Although she doesn't have any feelings for him anymore, the sour taste between us still lingers- and we haven't laid eyes on each other since that time. The problem is, she has recently moved to Toronto where I have been living for two years and is now going out with our mutual group of friends. We have managed to avoid a confrontation so far but in a few weeks we will both be attending the same dinner party. What should I do when I see her?

Yours truly,

Apprehensively Inclined

Dear Aunt Alma,

Two years ago a good friend and I parted ways over a guy. She had previously had a couple of one night stands with him and had since found a new boyfriend. That was when she introduced him to me and- wouldn't you know it- we fell in love. We are still together and are planning to get engaged after gradu-

ation. Although she doesn't have any feelings for him anymore, the sour taste between us still lingers- and we haven't laid eyes on each other since that time. The problem is, she has recently moved to Toronto where I have been living for two years and is now going out with our mutual group of friends. We have managed to avoid a confrontation so far but in a few weeks we will both be attending the same dinner party. What should I do when I see her?

ing is mutual. He has asked me to assist him with some graduate work he is doing. Although I desperately want to spend 8 hours a week locked up in a lab with him, I'm not sure if it's the right thing to do. Should I say yes?

Sincerely yours,

Hot and Bothered

Dear Hot and Bothered,

There are serious reeriminations for romantic teacher-student relationships. Even if you are perfectly suited and really love each other, his job could be placed in jeopardy if anyone found out. On the other hand, you may not be perfectly suited and he may just be another one of those sex-crazed scientists. Either way, 8 hours a week clinking test tubes may not be a good idea. If he continues to show interest after the course is over, then go for it. Otherwise, get a hold of some liquid nitrogen and cool down!

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am simply waeco over my T.A. He is drop dead gorgeous and has a nose ring! We like the same music and have a similar interest in environmental science (the course I am taking with him). He wears funky clothes and has a pearly white smile. And apart from his incredible physical attributes, he's also a nice guy. For most of the year I thought my attraction for him was one sided but lately I'm beginning to sense the feel-

Dear Apprehensively Inclined,

How about jumping into the nearest bowl of shrimp dip? Just kidding. The last thing you should try to do is hide - it will make for a strange evening and a befuddled dinner date, not to mention ruin any chance you have of salvaging this lambasted friendship. If you are willing to forgive and forget- and the mere existence of your letter tells

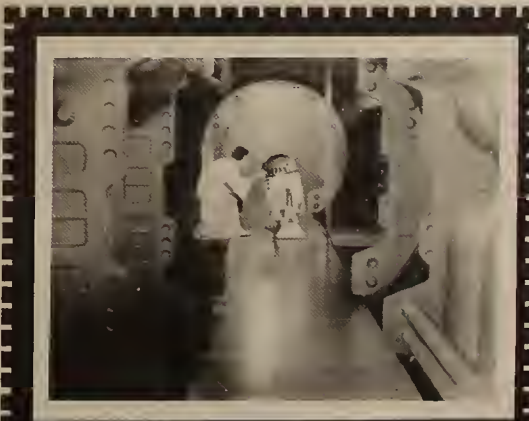
was still in control. "If you don't like it, don't play, and you can stop any time you want to."

I fell for it. Hook, line and sinker I went for it all the way, and I am now trapped. The OSAP is gone, I don't eat any more, and I am speaking in their language, and cannot communicate with normal people any more. By now you have guessed it. I started playing Magic. Please, take this for the warning it is. This is a cautionary tale. Beware of the Pit. Beware of the Pit! Beware of the Pit!

by a Bound-For-Clarke-Frosh

We want your letters!

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Junkie

I knew what to expect when I came to University. I have not fallen into the traps of sex, drugs or alcohol. I came prepared for everything, except the Innis Pit.

I first saw the Pit at Registration. People were lounging around, and their behavior was not at all suspicious. I should have run screaming right then. Never trust a warm, friendly place that welcomes you and then asks your name. I was sitting around, and someone innocuously suggested that I sign up for an intramural team. I had no idea. I can hardly believe, looking back, that I was that naïve.

I signed up for Co-Ed Volleyball, and my descent was inevitable. I just thought it would be fun.

I was feeling a bit nervous when I went to the first game, but I was made to feel welcome, and they did not criticize my skill, so I felt pretty safe. At the end of the game that oh-so-charming Lord Of The Pit (President) came over to me, and asked me if I wished to come to the Wicket. It all seemed so pleasant and friendly. How could I have known?

About a week later someone suggested that I run for a position on the ICSS. I didn't know—honest! I ran, and there was an open position, so I got acclaimed. I thought it was coincidence, but they are craftier than ever I expected. It all happened so slowly that I did not see it for what it was, a desperate and clever ploy by other Pit addicts to suck a hapless frosh into their midst, to be devoured at their leisure.

I think that I would have spotted the final move, if it had not happened so long after they began their indoctrination. It had been two months, and I thought I was safe. Then they started mentioning it in passing to me. "It's fun" they said. "It's easy" they said. And then, the most off-hand harmless comment, the one that made me think I

Sunday, January. 15. 1995 hear a few pages
& Pints sling a few
JAMES DONABIE reads from his new book "morgan loves jessie"
ARWEN CARPENTER presents original writings
GEORGE STONE reads scenes from "w/in friends & influence others"
8pm@Seline's Bar-335 Bloor Street W.

A People of Few Words

by Sally Blake

The first white words to drift quietly along the banks of the St. Lawrence were French words. Following those words came a scattering of French people, and along with their campfires came culture. Words, laughter and folk songs were now heard sailing along the winds and settling like snow on the branches of pines.

Then the roar of English cannon came and the French words sank to a whisper.

As we now know, the French recovered quite well from that brief case of laryngitis. Their whispers grew to a hum and the hum into an anthem and the anthem into one of the loudest goddamn noises this land has ever had to deal with. If there is one unified sound reverberating across the political sound waves, it is the sound of Quebec.

In comparison, the roar of English cannon did not fare quite so well. It remained puffed up for a little while, perhaps even shot off a couple of cannon balls when Lord Durham came over for tea, but for the most part it died. Forever entangled in the web of gun con-

trol legislation.

As the French built up symphonies, the English built up railways. They invited more people over for the party and soon the English voice was just one voice of many. French, Chinese, Ukrainian, Italian (the list goes on and on) all blended into a furious babble. And that babble became Canada.

Problem is, the French still think it's English Canada. But it's not- it's babble Canada. The strongest, most passionate voice, the MAJORITY of voice in this country is French. It is beautiful and it is from the heart. It has become rich with age and anger. And it has no real opponent. Because the English cannon that was so loud all those years ago, has now become a rusted bulk of metal sitting at the ticket entrance of Old Fort Henry.

So we gave up our voice for a railway. Not a bad exchange in the capitalist world. Railways and oil and trees and technology all make excellent bed-fellows for international trade and commerce. We became a prosperous country, and that prosperity afforded us to survive with no song. No unity.

Not the case in Quebec, whose

prosperous economy has turned timid concertos into determined operas. We know this. We turn and look on with jealousy and fear. We bury our heads in the snow to drown out their singing. Some of us think back fondly to the time when cannon roar blocked out their voices. Some of us try to counteract it with babble- but it is too faint and distracted a sound. Some of us try to pick up the tune, but like many things, the song will not translate.

It's time we stopped playing Salfari and composed something of our own. One that reflects the history of two founding nations who struggled against the winters and against each other. Instead of ignoring French nationalism we should embrace it. Those Froggy words have been around for a long time after all. They have become the backbone of our identity. You like gravy and cheese on your fries don't you? Well guess what? They like hot dogs. (So much so, they haven't bothered to Frenchify the word.) If we can blend our babble into the unique history of Canada (you know, the two nations warring in the bosom of one state thing) then bam! we solve two problems. Our own lack of spirit and our constant in-fighting with the Quebecois.

So you have to learn French.

Considering French and English have 5 000 words in common it shouldn't be too arduous a task. To borrow an infamous phrase, "get over it"! Perhaps more challenging for the parochial mind is treating Quebec like a separate culture, which it has always been. Just because we don't know our ass from our nose, doesn't mean they have to join in the "who am I?" party. They have so much passion over there. Art and politics are drenched with nationalist verve. Some say nationalism is the plague of the 20th century, but nationalism can also give you confidence. The ability to improve the nation as a whole, and to strive towards common goals. Why are we always a something-Canadian? Why do we have to hide behind ancestral legacies? Let's take this new nation and make it our own. Let's find a Canada that lies between the railroad tracks. One that you can't find on page four of Stats-Can.

By making that conceptual leap back in time we can appreciate the Canadian identity and how it has evolved through differences. In celebration of those differences we find new words.

And we discover tolerance.

Carpe Diem II

by Stan Chan

Life is a precious commodity, one that should always be cherished. Everything else pales in comparison. As 1994 fades away, 1995 will bring changes to your life. Some may get a job, some may get a new girl/boy friend, some may even join a newspaper or something. But above all, everyone should try to be happy, and live a life. If you stay home and just read your assigned readings or play a video game on your IBM or Mac, you are missing out. Every moment is precious, once lost, never to be found again. Minutes are passing by, you are what you make yourself. (There is an adage - planning is not necessarily a schedule, but it will

help create a framework from which one can make good decisions). So plan for the future, what is important is that you get there, not how long it takes for you to get there. Enjoy the company of your friends, make new friends. One should always seek to grow and improve, otherwise one will stagnate and become dull. Like the old saying, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Go out and do something - anything to rid yourself of your dull life. Experience something different. It is always easy to fall back on your strengths, but if you do your weaknesses will be that much more glaring. If you are working for a newspaper, try getting involved in student

council, or if you are in student council, try writing an article for the newspaper or get involved in community radio. What really is important is that you experience what life has to offer. Going out drinking is not what I mean, nor is sitting around the pit playing "Magic". To use a cliché, "ask not what life has to offer you, but what you have to offer life." If playing video games in your room is what you have to offer, then boy have you got a problem. There are those less fortunate than you who don't have the opportunities that you have, so make use of what you have and feel good about your accomplishments. You can't experience anything cooped up in your room playing video games or stuck at the pit playing "Magic". So make it your New Year's resolution to go out and do something different, to experience life at its fullest.

Fluid Power Control

by Smartass

People are really such assholes. Given half the chance - less they would have you believe that love does not exist in this world. Everyone, or almost everyone, wants to fool you into thinking there are no feelings that make you feel mushy inside, against all your wishes. They want to tear you down through insults and coldness and unfriendliness and U-of-T-ness.

A friend of mine got dissed pretty bad the other day. In an anonymous publication, no less. So we started thinking, my friend and I. First I said, "you gotta blast them right back, dis 'em straight up". And my friend agreed. And then we started thinking, well, maybe we should just go and beat up the weak ass punks that dissed him.

But here it is. My kicking the shit out of some tucked-in-tee-shirt-teva-&-wool-sock-wearing "alternative"-wanna-be-geek-ass-losers isn't

going to change their minds about my friend. Still, why do they want so badly to make their coolio negative point? Why won't I kick the shit out of them?

Because I'm sick of feeling miserable in the caves of boringness and dullness that are my classes. Because there is love. There is. Someone who'll make you smile and it

won't be just contortions of flesh, someone who'll take care of you when you're sick. Someone who actually cares about what you have to say and squeezes your hand when you feel like nothing. Love makes you real, not cutting people up, or coldness in the classroom.

I love and I like love and making those cowards who cut my friends up feel bad, physically or otherwise, doesn't help.

Those that would diss for petty reasons or some feeling of im-

potence/jealousy, got no love, and that is truly tragic. My heart goes out to you, fellas. Maybe if I think a little more about it I'll still wanna kick yer asses, but really, my heart goes

out to you. See, I'm no thinker, just a smartass.

Be a smartass, write for Random Thoughts!!

IN JANUARY

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Urbans II



by funky hot papa

Happy New Year brathas and sistas! Since it's a new year, I'm gonna start off wit a story. So take a seat, suck back some vino, and ch-ill fer a moment. Ya see, there's this dude, his name's X, and he wuz a frosh leader. He met dis frosh and his name wuz O. O came from de 'burbs, I mean really far, far away (we're talking like Burlington or NewMarket). Since O is from de rural area, he wuz a wide-eyed-bushy-tailed, and extremely wet behind the ears kinda guy.

X wuz helping O to get betta acquainted with life on campus, and da various activities it offers, such as da great Innis Herald, but I digress. Now O had this idea, to hold some sort of event, and since X had the connections and knew how to get O's idea into a project, they both agreed to work on this together. However, X told O that X wuz only going to help get da proverbial ball rolling, but it wuz up ta O to do da rest. Anyways, as da days grew longer, and the months went by, O wuz not as committed ta dis project as X wuz. O's working relationship wit X began to disintegrate ta da point where X wuz doing all de work and O wuz doing nothing. One day X saw O and said some pretty un-nice things to O, in the heat of the moment. O took offense to dis, and told X dat O wuz going to call X dat evening, after which O went home to sulk and ponder about this encounter wit X. Three days later, O called X and told X dat X had an attitude problem and dat O could no longer work with X. That O wuz washing O's hands on dis project. O said dat dis wuz purely voluntary. Suffice to say, X wuz pretty upset, but being the better person, X continued wit da project. The moral of the story, is dat regardless of who and what ya are, when ya make a commitment, ya ought to stick wit it. Also, O wuz wrong, when O said that O couldn't work wit a person wit an attitude problem. In every working environment, there will be people whom you dislike,

but you must be professional about how you approach your work. Ya can't simply wimp out and say I can't work witcha cuz I don't like your attitude. Ya make do wit what ya got. I ain't saying all frosh are O and all frosh leaders are X, what I am saying is dat life aint no bed o roses sonny.

This is an important message to *funky hot mama*. I know you is out there. Come out, come out wherever you is. The Innis Herald needs ya. Be heard. Be known. Be nice.

Finally, here's my response to rurals' last column. Holy mamacita! You know what? I'm surprised you knew where Montreal wuz. But I digress. For all you rurals out dere, it ain't proper to call sistas "chicks", and it sure the hell ain't cool, dude. To wear un-comfortable gear is to be un-cool. Way un-cool! Why must ya "squeeze into one o' doe's tight-ass tees wit boobs on de front?" Whatsamatterwitcho?! Give dem sistas some dignity and R.E.S.P.E.C.T.! It ain't all body. Oh, I forgot, you is rural. You is nerdy, can't get-any-shit-kind-a-guy, ain'tcha? To be rural is to be totally un-cool.

'Kay boyes and gals, I've heard through de grape vine dat many people liked the last column. I thank ye very much for da compliments. But I wuz only speaking what wuz true and from da heart. Let it be known dat Urbans is not MY column, it is an open invitation to speak your mind about Rurals. So if ya got a problem wit rurals, then write in. Enjoy de New Year people. Get outta control! Get happenin'!

Urban Top 6 New Year Resolutions

6. to have sex on the beach.
5. to quit smoking.
4. to play hard- party hard!
3. to find out who rurals really is.
2. to have sex in a shower.
1. to have recycled sex (how does one have recycled sex?).

(Had a frustrating 1994 did we?)

It's 1995 and I refuse to kombat. Face to face is the style by which real warriors duel, so ease yourselves, comers, I'll get to the goods.

As the Judge Rob (but not one to Judge), I've seen some mad cowardice in the house of rurals. Rurals is a youth culture defined by proving one's pluck, downness and mind-expanded-ness, by means of hiding secret shames. I guess it's like any other crew: jocks, nerds, b-boys, riot grrrls. Rurals has taboos. Nobody ever wants to have to deal with the truth, which is, in rural's case, who you really are.

Some rurals guys be all "Check this out!" but do they really get the point of rurals? To use a middle-eighties skating term, some rurals guys are posers. Proof of this: Have you ever really seen any of those skaters outside of Future's land any of their moves? Rurals is an exercise in image main-tainence. You only have three pairs of pants you can wear in public, and nobody can see your Blue Rodeo CDs.

Unfortunately, rurals is like a good hip-hop track; it's not what you let go, but what you drop out. It's time to funk with the style that's goin on. Rurals guys got to stop freakin about image and start speakin the tongue of intellekt. Props to those ruralsians that know they are rural and face up to it every day. Mad props to a rurals guy who's making rurals and not buying it. Madder props to a rurals guy who doesn't front, knows his place, and incorporates his whole being into rurals. Fuck this "these pants aren't baggy enough" stuff.

Don't get me wrong. Rurals is a look. But (as cliché as this sounds) it's more importantly a state of mind. You just gotta know. This isn't some "chosen-one" shit, but you really gotta know. Once you realise the tongue-in-cheekedness of the rurals movement, you will be rural. You don't need Drugs or Rollins or Fresh Jive. You just

need appreciation. Some of the coolest guys I know have never been to a rave. Some spell "wack" like this: "whack".

Some listen to Sting and wear Does and tuck in their shirts. Some even sing John Denver songs to dead people in graveyards. But they all understand.

It's like what Kish told me one time at his studio, "Know where you're comin from, man." I come from Scarborough.

My name is Rob Judges. Get it? Judge Rob? Yeah, so that's like, my real name. I've been observing since grade nine, planning some big shit. Rurals is one step of the way.

This column goes out to the conscious ruralsians. It exists, though, for everyone to read. Be you Goth, Rocker, Stylo, NeoHippy, whatever the fuck, understanding rurals may help you understand your own crew. It probably won't teach you anything about yerself, but maybe somethin about teenaged-ness.

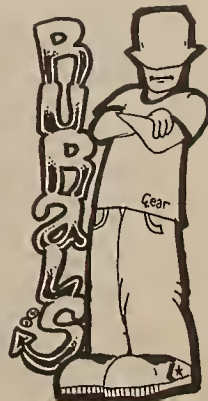
As for funky hot papa; like "my band" Public Enemy said, "Get your shit correct." Any reader with grade two skillz will see the incorrectness of your fourth paragraph. Also, who the fuck are you to welcome criticisms of my column? If anyone has a problem with Rurals they should forward it to me.

So, if you do have a problem or somethin, get it to the Herald and we'll work it out. If you got problems with funky hot papa, I don't care. As local independent rapper MC More-or-Les said, "3 2 1 Contact. Get in touch."

So here's the ten best things.

1. AMW
2. Dr Hoo's visit from Montreal.
3. Super Patty (located at St Clair & Oakwood)
4. Milk - "Never Dated" ep
5. Simonson-era issues of The Mighty Thor
6. Philip Glass - "Einstein on the Beach" lp
7. Rap City's new, more accessible time slot
8. Cole Cold Kolashampan
9. Le Chateau's cheap jeans
10. Kish - "Crates to Concrete"

By
JUDGE
ROB
1995



COMMENTARY

Daviault Is Not Forgotten

By Erinn Freypons

At the crossroads between the law and society lies a dark and deep nether-region. In this murky intersection of code and conduct, Canadians find themselves completely unprepared to venture the question: where is the definitive line that separates social acceptance and legal precedence?

Immersed in this sea of ambiguity is the Henri Daviault rape case. 72 year old Montreal resident Henri Daviault was charged with rape. He was a chronic alcoholic, and used as a defence his extreme intoxication. The facts of his case were these (as summarized by the Supreme Court):

The complainant, a 65 year-old woman who is partially paralysed and thus confined to a wheelchair, knew the accused through his wife. At about 6:00 PM one evening, on her request, the accused arrived at her home carrying a 40-ounce bottle of brandy. The complainant drank part of a glass of brandy and then fell asleep in her wheelchair. When she awoke during the night to go to the bathroom, the accused appeared, grabbed her chair, wheeled her into the bedroom, threw her on the bed and sexually assaulted her.

These are the facts of the case. And they are undisputed. The legal dilemma to be resolved was whether or not a defence of drunkenness would be allowed.

It was. In a six to three ruling the Supreme Court of Canada established that extreme drunkenness could be used as a defence. Justice Peter Cory stated that the accused would be obliged to "demonstrate that they were in such an extreme state of intoxication that they were in a state akin to automatism or insanity."

This requirement was drawn from the focus in this case: *Mens Rea*. Defined as the legal (Latin) term for mental intention or apprehension, *Mens Rea* is in short the consciousness of action. *Mens Rea* must be proven so that the morally innocent do not receive punishment. This is one of the foundations of what we call modern law, and a sure sign that our justice system is tempered with compassion.

If the Supreme Court ruling is merely another symbol of our caving judiciary, what then is all the controversy about?

It is about a state of affairs in Canadian law whereby the accused seem to have more rights than the victim; it is about a difference of views within the Supreme Court; and, finally, it is about a social resistance to this new legal precedence.

Women have been man-handled by the Canadian court system. Rape and sexual assault run rampant in our society, and yet the courts have shown no interest in deterring them. Katrina Fisher, a social work student at Ryerson pondered on how this might apply to post-secondary institutions by saying, "The implications are incredible for university students because alcohol is a major thing at university events, where everyone gets drunk. With the current problem of date rape on campus, how bad will it be when we cannot even call it rape anymore?"

Mr. Justice John Sopinka dissented from the majority supreme court ruling. In a counter-statement to the decision he said:

The first requirement of the principles of fundamental justice is that a blameworthy or culpable state of mind be an essential element of every criminal offence that is punishable by imprisonment. This principle reflects the fact that our criminal justice system refuses to condone the punishment of the morally innocent. Individuals who render themselves incapable of knowing what they are doing through the voluntary consumption of alcohol or drugs can hardly be said to fall within the category of the morally innocent. (underline mine).

The law and society are intertwined, but their interests are not necessarily the same. It is at times like these when we see the divergence of the two. It seems that the arm of the social body, the law, has grown its own mind and motivations. How is it that our very extremities betray us?

The impetus to over-hype this issue is almost as great as the compulsion to realize its scope. For it is not merely dealing with the vital issue of how to cope with sexual crime, it reaches much further. It is a cornerstone in the underlying conflict between social morality and legal responsibility.

I wrote this article in response to the ruling, 10 days after it had been made public. Since that time a number of events have occurred worth mentioning:

In the last three months, two successful uses of the defence have been made. When the Supreme Court made its ruling it made clear its intentions; namely, that the defence would be used very rarely; perhaps it would be used a couple of times in 100 years. Certainly not twice within a few months. And that is exactly what happened.



Minister of Justice, Allan Rock, has appointed a commission to investigate the implications of the decision. The commission has the mandate to make a recommendation that the criminal code be changed. Allan Rock speculated that the criminal code may indeed be changed, and that extreme drunkenness itself might become an offence.

I would like to conclude my coverage of this issue with a single, simple, important statement:

The only real way to change this precedent will be to mobilize against it. The powers that be do not want to change it; on the contrary, they are the ones who made it. It is up to each of us to raise our voices, to make our opinion known. Otherwise, this issue, like so many others, will wither and fade away into obscurity.

The Irony of My Life

by Erin-Beth Fielding

I did not think it would turn out like this; the hypocrisy, the unnecessary ridicule. I arrived with a feeling of confidence. I held the future accountable to how the evening would subside. My shock at the event is overwhelming. I sit here wondering in a state of delusion how "they" could turn the situation around. How could anyone be that conniving? I thought my strength was enough. My points were powerful-but somehow "they" still managed to steal the truth away. "They" re-wrote everything that has happened over the last 122 days. They were united through lies and scandals. Effortlessly they overcame me. Nothing I could say would dissuade my judge. My crimes were already accounted for and decided.

This trial was a reoccurrence of the Medieval world humanity had outgrown. The Christian ideologies of burning witches, of pre-determined guilt, or of medieval law. I thought it was all behind us. I thought we had moved on. But with a tale of sympathetic lies and false accusations, a person has been burned at the stake.

Why did I not carry this further- maybe because I knew it would be futile. Once "she" made the move to incriminate me for her crimes- all I could do was watch in astonishment. I could have outright called her a liar, but it all seemed so overwhelming at the time. She was so powerful with her deceitful accusations and tales. She seemed to be prepared for every word I would say. I could do nothing to overcome her. The truth is still buried.

I feel disappointed. The outcome was not what I expected- nothing that I even dreamed. Manipulation stands alone as her means of truth. It is the only thing that she does honestly- lie.

No more lies,
I've had enough of your self-absorption.
Your glory is your death.
You spawn evil and darkness;
I waste my time hating you.

(continued on page 7....)

Solidarity NOT
scapegoating

DROP BILL C-44

STOP THE

DEPORTATIONS

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COMMENTARY

All New Bioethics Awareness and Discussion Group...

by Indy Ghosh



Canada has long been regarded as one of the leaders in health care reform: our system has been a saviour for countless lives. However, even within this framework lie a variety of complicated issues — topics so powerful that our very future rests on the decisions we make regarding them. The recent Rodriguez and Latimer cases serve testimony to the impact such issues have on our social structure. Dr. Kevorkian's name itself draws extreme reactions from different people. If you feel that you want to learn more, expand your viewpoint, or even have something to contribute to such areas, then this group is your opportunity!

The idea for the present Bioethics Group blossomed out of the course I took with Dr. Barry Brown at St. Michael's College. For perhaps the first time, I fully realized the complexities of the ethical issues surrounding the health care industry, and the inherent unawareness and curiosity of many of my peers. It was apparent that numerous students, especially those aspiring for health care professions, needed to be exposed to the ethics of abortion, euthanasia, surrogacy, etcetera.

With this in mind, I approached and gained the support of Dr. B. Brown; following this was the painstaking task of securing financial support. After being turned down by numerous student unions on campus, I finally got my wish through the New College Student Council. The present organization is funded through them, but run on its own independent constitution; it seeks to expose students or staff at the University of Toronto to the multitude of ethical issues surrounding us today.

Our first event was on Euthanasia; guest speakers were Dr. Paul Ranelli (former executive of the "Physicians for Life" association) and Ms. Ruth Von Fuchs from the "Right to Die Society". On hand were also Dr. Brown as well as The Innis Herald, and the Dean of Men from New College. It was a stimulating and enlightening discussion that exposed both sides of this sensitive issue of euthanasia — its present stance in society and possible ramifications in the future.

Whether you hope to be a doctor, lawyer, journalist, nurse, in research, ethics, women's studies, or even just for personal interest, take advantage of this

opportunity — use the powerful tool of knowledge to arm yourself...ask our guest speakers any questions you might have...get extra data for your essays...be prepared for those interviews... whatever your reason, come out and participate. We could also use some extra minds and bodies in organizing future events, so if there are any questions, suggestions or requests, please feel free to contact me at 978-8418. Also assisting me are Stan Chan and Cheri Mungham.

Next event: early-February.

Topic: Up in the air (we need input!!!).



(continued from page 6)

I sit in my societal realm of mockery. You depict all that I abhor. I sit wondering when this will end- when will you begin to think for yourself. Our society is dying on account of you.

Children learn from example.
Examples are produced in every effort;
Intentions are never honest.
Take my heart so I can continue to live.

My worst enemy is your ignorance. You are controlled by another. Your rage is unrelenting. You continue the madness and draw in others to be your slaves.

I thought you knew who you were. I thought you could stand proud. Why do you mutilate your feelings under pressure? This world is not hard to stand up to. Why do you care so much about what others think? You do not care about anyone else. I cannot understand your intentions.

EUTHANASIA.

by Erinn Freypons

I attended the first meeting of the new bio-ethics discussion group on Monday, December 5. The topic was euthanasia, and it was an area I had had only a very small exposure to. The discussion, therefore, was a new and stimulating experience. But it was not so only for me. It captured the minds and attentions of about 20 people, for over an hour. The organizers thought that this was a poor turnout, but I marvelled at how they had managed to get any one out at all with exams looming. I myself had a first term test later that day!

The discussion began with two speeches: the first was by Ruth Von Fuchs. She argued the virtues of euthanasia, and she described a number of personal stories which supported her view. She described compelling and touching moments. She spoke about tragedies of enormous sorrow. In all of her arguments, there was the attempt to touch on the emotions of the audience. I can surely say she touched on mine.

Dr. Paul Ranelli talked next, and he had a well rounded and smooth sounding speech. He began with a story about a man who recovered from a coma. This man would have probably been taken off life support with a pro-euthanasia health care system; this was the point of his anecdote. He went on to state his opinion that doctors and the medical establishment should not support euthanasia.

His points were very strong. The one argument that most struck me was about legalities. He said that suicide in Canada was legal, and that he had no problems with that. His problem would arise if legislation forced doctors to perform euthanasia.

On these grounds a number of discussions broke out. For, after the speeches, questions were addressed, and points of view were made public. In all, it was a hearty and fruitful discussion. I will certainly attend the next one.

Writers, reporters, columnists and cool and interesting people wanted! Experience not needed.

WE DRINK BEER...

By George Stone

On December 11th an intrepid band of 7 reporters from the Innis college Herald went on a beer tasting tour of Upper Canada Brewery. Initially we had thought about asking them to simply donate 10 or 15 cases of beer for us to review, but that didn't seem entirely probable, so Cass Enright suggested the tour as an alternative and this proposal was met with enthusiastic responses from all concerned.

For me the most surprising, indeed, shocking thing about the tour was that none of us got drunk or even came close. A disgraceful degree of temperance and sobriety was displayed by all. This sort of damaging behaviour only lends credence to the widespread myth that U. of T. students are puritanical teetotalers whose tongues are dry as sand. I, for one, passionately feel that each of us must do her or his utmost to debunk such ill-founded beliefs.

Anyway our attractive and well-informed guide, whose name unfortunately eludes me altogether (but I didn't specify gender, so let your imaginations run wild) led us on a roller coaster of a tour through this well-known Ontario micro-brewery (They may call it a micro-brewery but those vats still looked pretty damn big to me).

Founded in 1985 by Frank Heaps (who we managed to identify in the staff photo because he was the only one wearing a tie), Upper Canada makes its beer in accordance with the Bavarian Purity Law of 1516 which decrees that only water, malt, hops and yeast may be used in the brewing of beer. In effect this means that no "adjuncts, additives, chemicals or preservatives" are used.

I admit that at first I was suspicious because so many of our laws in



CHEERS: Herald editors Diane Sidik (left) and Sally Blake find true happiness at Upper Canada Brewery.

Canada are 400 years old and were made by Europeans, but as soon as I tasted the beer - Boyo! - was I singin' a different tune! As well as using pure Caledon spring water, Upper Canada ages their brew for up to three months in order to achieve maximum flavour maturation (read it twice - "maturation"). Get your minds out of the gutter, folks.). The rigid adherence to over-all brewing philosophy and care given to quality control really pays off.

We also discovered that Upper Canada uses only brown glass for their bottles since this protects the beer from "flavour damaging light". "What will help preserve the fresh taste of beer in

addition to dark, brown bottles, is cold, dark storage. Which is where some of those other 400 year-old laws oughta be.

To be quite honest, the beginning of the tour looked pretty grim since they started by giving us a fast but dense lecture about the history of beer, which wasn't as interesting as you might think. At one point someone wanted to know how long beer has been around and the guide answered "Since the dawn of man", at which point Sally Blake chimed in with "Oh, so since there have been men there has been beer", which we all thought was really funny as well as being quite true. My point being that our raucous guffaws provided a much needed release for the unstated but tangible tension which was beginning to tie complicated sailor's knots in all of our stomachs as the collective thirst increased (Stan Chan wanted me to make this article longer, just in case you wondered).

Finally the history lesson, (which

wasn't really nearly as tedious as I'm making it out to be), finishes and I think "Great! Now we drink some beer." But no, then they gave us some raw malt to eat which had a flavour suspiciously similar to the taste of chocolate covered Malteser Balls (Go figure, eh?).

Finally the guide says, "O.K. now which beers would you like to taste?"

Lo and behold! Fugitive visions of pint glasses danced through my head - cold, wet, dripping, golden and above all BIG! Frothy nectar of Lagermere (Norse God of Spruce Brew), shining and luminescent with the glow of divine intervention, apportioned in more than adequate, in fact excessive amounts!

Every beer drinkers dream was about to come true and it was about to come true for me!

Well needless to say the 4 fluid-ounce plastic cups they brought out were a bit of a let-down and looked as if they would be more at home in a urologist's office than a brewery.

However, I freely concede that I have only my own unreasonable and fantastic expectations to blame for this disappointment and attach no culpability, legal, moral or otherwise to Upper Canada Brewery, who were, after-all, generous enough to agree to the whole thing in the first place and make an excellent product to boot.

After this we went on the tour of the brewing facilities and, as I mentioned before, even though they call themselves a micro-brewery, they still make more beer than I could drink at one sitting and that's really saying something. We saw a capping line just like the one Laverne & Shirley worked on and also learned that one must undertake up to 15 years of post graduate work to obtain a Brewmaster's certificate. So for those of you were planning to do a quick four-year program and then get a lot of free suds, forget it!

Finally we returned to the tasting area and began sipping in earnest. Our tasters were: Sally Blake, Diane Sidik, Stan Chan, Rachel Murray, George Stone, Kelly (surname unknown) and Deborah Mallory (who admits she's more of a wine drinker). We haven't bothered with Rebellion or Lager since most people have had them. Instead we



IF YOU DRINK ... DON'T TAKE PICTURES: Tasters Rachel Murray (above) and George Stone (far right) find out about over-exposure the hard way (with some help from inquiring photographer, Stan Chan).



...TASTEFULLY

(continued from previous page)

went for the "phunky beers" (Rurals spelling.) Not everyone tasted every beer and not everyone had something to say about the beers they did taste, but here's what we wound up with.

PALE ALE

Kelly: "A sassy little number. Not too bold. Lovely flavour. A hint of jasmine and a bit of peppercorn."

George: "Business-like and bright. Somewhat grainy tasting but pleasantly so."

TRUE BOCK

Deborah: "Deep and beardy. A forceful mouthful."

Kelly: "Bock is German for 'Goat'."

George: "Sweet and slightly medicinal tasting."

Sally: "Forest cutting. When it went down my throat it felt as though it was clearing things out like a mushroom cloud."

Stan: "Absolutely stimulating!"

DARK ALE

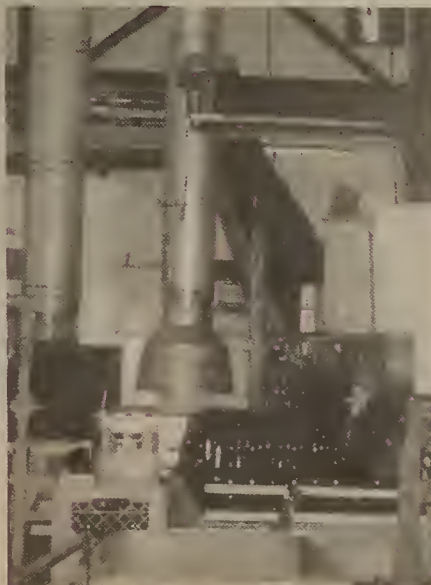
Sally: "Meaty. A main course beer. A honeycomb of taste."

George: "The subtlest of all the ales. Not as assertive as the others but it sure does go down nice and cold."

PUBLICAN

Sally: "Hard to describe. A conundrum of taste."

Rachel: "I liked it."



THIS IS WHERE IT ALL HAPPENS, KIDDIES!

POINT NINE

Deborah: "I would drink it if I were a beer-drinker."

George: "It reminded me of the smell of livestock at the Royal Winter Fair."

WHEAT BEER

Deborah: "It doesn't have a kick or a bite."

George: "Not a very distinctive tasting beer."

Kelly: "The lemon is more of a crutch than anything else. I don't even

remember it now."

And there you have it folks. Our thanks to Upper Canada for their generosity and any perceived sleights against them were purely rhetorical. Just remember, the Upper Canada Brewery is one of the only places in Toronto where you can buy a case of beer on Sundays, so grab a pencil and paper whilst I give you all the information. They are located at #2 Atlantic Avenue in the lower west-end. To arrange a tour you can call (416) 534-9281.

Stay tuned for the Herald's on-going coverage of good beer-drinking everywhere!



If you feel the same way this happy fellow does, after drinking some beer, book your tour of Upper Canada Breweries without delay.

Other News at Innis College

Natural Born Killers & Pub

February 2nd showing of Natural Born Killers followed by a pub in the Innis Caf.

SOCIAL EVENTS IN THE WORKS

Bi-weekly Innis Pubs in the caf

Thursday skating

All-night movie nights in the Town Hall for Innis students only

Bash of the century, hosted by our Prez- Aaron Magney.

INNIS CLUBS

Clubs are still alive and well at Innis. Three of the most popular clubs include:

The Innis Role-Playing Society
The Drama Club

Innis Homebrew Club

New members are always welcome, or simply make your own club.

For information regarding clubs, contact Joel at the I.C.S.S. office.

Co-Ed ATHLETICS

Catch any of the following co-ed intramural events:

Volleyball, Mondays at 9pm.

Broomball, February 25th

Curling, February 25th 10-5

Tennis Doubles, March 5th

Snow-Pitch Softball, February

4th back campus everyone

welcome

For information about any and all of these events, contact Kate or Kathy at the ICSS office.

Innis College Semi Formal Saturday, January 28th, 1995

an 1890's to 1990's Costume Gala at Casa Loma

Tickets on sale til January 21st. \$25 per person.

Veg/non veg meals are available.

Pre-formal wine and cheese at Innis Rez.

Buy your ticket at the ICSS Office

Women's Volley Ball

First Game -
Mon Jan. 9@ 7:00pm.

Indoor Soccer

Sign up by Jan. 12.

3 on 3 Basket-ball

Sign up by Jan. 20.

Inner-tube Water-Polo

Sign-Up by Feb. 22.

Tennis Doubles

Sign-up by Feb 24.

You'll see me at the Innis College Semi-Formal.



Bring your own Mickey.

Circular Logic

by Susan de Nimes

Have you ever been tempted to cry out in a Japanese restaurant,
 "O tempora! O mores!"
 Or to ask a kippered herring how it likes Kipling?
 But if you like herring, then you know
 That to herr is human, to forgive divine,
 To divine to douse, to douse to extinguish,
 And that the very extinguished gentleman in the three-piece suit
 Is not a fireman at all.
 There are men who douse fires; they are firemen.
 There are men who douse water; they are diviners
 With a spark of divine fire.
 There are men who spark fires; they are firemen
 On trains, or they are arsonists, or chefs
 Who flash-fry shrimp—but never herring—
 With a leaping flame at your table in the Japanese restaurant.



Self-Portrait
 in a Convex Mirror
 by Parmigianino

1524 Spherical panel, 24.4 diameter
 Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna

Time for mercy. War is
 still with us and why? "Love
 could reign supreme". We
 should make peace last more
 than a few days out of the year.
 Otherwise we will self-destruct

89.5
 ciut

no
 ART
 no
 CULTURE
 no
 CIVILIZATION

Nobility

By Erinn.

Nobility is not the wanton accumulation of wealth
 Nor is it the cantankerous destruction of your health.
 Nobility is the quiet deed that goes unnoticed
 The actions of which we all have boasted
 The givings on which Jesus was hoisted,
 Above our heads,
 Thrown upwards into silent humility.
 Such is nobility.

even agnostics can find this worthwhile

A Prayer .

- Let me do my Work each Day
 and if the darkened Hours of Despair overcome Me,
 may I not forget the strength that comforted Me
 in the Desolation of other Times
- May I still remember the bright Hours that found Me
 walking over the silent Hills of my Childhood,
 or dreaming on the Margin of the quiet River,
 when a Light glowed within Me, and I promised my early God
 to have Courage amid the Tempests of the changing Years.
- Spare me from Bitterness
 and from the sharp Passions of unguarded Moments.
 May I not forget that Poverty and Riches are of the Spirit.
- Though the World knew me not, may my Thoughts and Actions be such
 as shall keep me friendly with Myself.
- Lift my eyes from the Earth, and let me not forget the Uses of the Stars.
- Forbid that I should judge Others, lest I condemn Myself.
- Let me not follow the Clamour of the World, but walk calmly in my Path.
- Give me a few Friends who will love me for what I am,
 and keep ever burning before my vagrant Steps the kindly Light of Hope;
- And though Age and Infirmary overtake me, and I come not within sight
 of the Castle of my Dreams, teach me still to be thankful for Life,
 and for Time's olden Memories that are good and sweet;
 and may the Evening's Twilight find me gentle still.

Max Ehrmann

A Game of Hearts

"Hearts," she said, "have not been broached.
 Have not been broken yet; you must
 Lead with a different suit." But hearts
 Were all I had, were all I held:
 They must perforce be broached, be broken.
 And so they were. I sent an emissary
 Of that cordial ilk in hopes she might
 Reply in kind, or with eternal
 Diamonds' lasting glow. But no!
 Her answer was as thirteen hearts
 Dead set against mine own, forsooth:
 The heartless wench, she played the gooch!

—Hamilton Smith

Shades of Brown- Why I like the Colour Brown

Most people don't like brown they say it is
 too bland it reminds them of poop and
 corduroy pants icky brown stockings and
 dirt i like brown i like to wallow in its
 somber shades soft and squishy like mud
 in between your toes i like the way it
 smells all wholesome and natural like a
 canoe trip on a sweaty summer day brown is
 comfort old worn slippers and sensible
 shoes the lumpy old beanbag we've had for
 years it is dead trees silhouetted in the
 dusk against a proud flaming sky chocolate
 fudge popsicles that swirl in your icecream
 if you've been extra special the delights
 and mysteries of murky water churning in
 the calm of a rainstorm brown blends it is
 modest natural and understated brown
 emulates what i would like to be people
 often overlook brown rampantly ignorant of
 its beauty scared and stunted by childhood
 memories of scratchy and hateful brown
 clothes there is a rising rebellion and
 brown will be back i've come out of the
 closet i am a brown fan - do you like my
 new brown pants?

—Antonia Yee

DROP

by Oook: *Speaker To Rodents*

I never thought that I was going to die. Until now, the idea had only crossed my mind in the most fleeting of ways. When you are twenty-six and the world's leading authority on freefall chemistry, you gain a certain sense of immortality.

Like most of the dead men you have read about I am spending my last moments talking into the black box of the shuttle, in hopes that my thoughts may be of use to the rest of the world.

I am with twenty-two other men and women who will never see the stars without an atmosphere. I think that is what I will miss most, the bright clear sky of space. We are on a state-of-the-art magnetic shuttle running at incredible speeds along a wire so thin that it can cut steel without tugging, but so strong that it can attach a high orbit satellite to the earth and still deal with any stress that we can predict short of a nova. The shuttle and its launcher have almost no moving parts. The shuttle is a perfectly smooth, glistening teardrop, thrown into the sky by electromagnets of stunning power. They are so powerful that if they were directed at the earth they would pull the iron ore out of it by sheer force. That is, if there was any iron ore left in the earth, and there isn't. The only moving parts of the shuttle are the most vital, and it is they that have failed, dooming my colleagues myself and to a quick and painless death, as beautiful and spectacular as any I could imagine. This shuttle is doing the one thing it was never designed to do. It is falling back to earth.

When I first saw the plans for this launch system as a boy, I was so touched by its elegance that I vowed to be a part of its creation. The only thing stopping me was an inability to grasp even the simplest aspects of calculus, let alone orbital mechanics. Still, seeing in my head a bright silver shuttle hurtled up a monofilament strand at a rate so precisely calculated that when all of its momentum was gone it would be stopped a mere five centimeters from the orbital station that was its final destination. That level of precision was beautiful, but frightening. The timing was by necessity so perfect, so vital, that the slightest error would destroy the shuttle by smashing it against the station, or having it fall short and plunge back to earth and ram into the launch assembly as a super heated missile.

It never occurred to me that even if you had done everything right and the shuttle stopped where it should, there was something that could still go wrong. It had. The goal that I had held as a boy was finally realized, and by now I should be on the orbital station that would also be the first interstellar ship for humanity, but a little thing that seemed so elementary to so many that it was not double checked. The mooring hook had not extended from the smooth shuttle housing, and when the arm reached out from the satellite, it closed on vacuum.

We were watching on the monitors when it happened. We all knew what it meant. For the longest time we watched as the station receded, and then we left to different parts of the capacious vehicle, some in pairs, some alone. I came here to the flight recorder. There are other flight recorders on this ship, and I do not doubt that they are occupied.

I have been thinking about using the shuttle-to-launcher radio, but I am afraid that someone has stayed behind to answer it. I have no illusions about what will happen to anyone at or near the launcher when we get there. Am I a coward for not wanting to know if there are others that have been doomed, like myself?

I hope that any who read this pay careful heed to what I am about to say. The future of humanity lies in space, and we should not allow any accident to deter us from our destiny. Do not let the deaths of a few frighten us away from the discoveries that we have made and the discoveries that we will make if our courage is steady. Inventions like the inertial dampening field on this shuttle that will surely fail when we hit will never reach their full potential if they are used only to create high-speed subways. Mankind is inventing for space, and it is in space that we belong. The environment of space is no more hostile than the wastes of Antarctica, it is just more sudden, and its rewards are far greater. Anyone involved in manufacturing knows that the future of the earth is in space. They know better than anyone how little is left on the earth. She is our home, and we have used her up. That we have survived the process this long tells me that we will be more careful with any new home that we find. We cannot hide from these facts, and we must not cower in fear from the solutions that are being given, even if they cost lives such as mine and the others on this shuttle.

There are only about ninety seconds left before we hit. I am going to the monitor room to gaze upon the earth one last time.

The End

(ed. note: Drop is based on a mining accident in South Africa where an elevator cable sheared and the car dropped 1.2 miles, killing all twenty-three passengers. This idea intrigued the author, so they built it into a near-future story where the drop was long enough for the passengers to face it).



This is not intended to take away from the story on the left.

A note about the earth. The earth is the preserve of day and night

It contains a sane and balanced variation, a natural waking and sleeping, or so it seems to someone deprived of this tidal effect.

This is why Vollmer's remark about Sundays in Minnesota struck me as interesting. He still feels, or claims he feels, or thinks he feels, that inherently earthbound rhythm.

To men at this remove, it is as though things exist in their particular physical form in order to reveal the hidden simplicity of some powerful mathematical truth. The earth reveals to us the simple awesome beauty of day and night. It is there to contain and incorporate these conceptual events. ...

Vollmer has entered a strange phase. He spends all his time at the window now, looking down at the earth. He says little or nothing. He simply wants to look, do nothing but look. The oceans, the continents, the archipelagos. We are configured in what is called a cross-orbit series and there is no repetition from one swing around the earth to the next. He sits there looking. He takes meals at the window, does checklists at the window, barely glancing at the instruction sheets as we pass over tropical storms, over grass fires and major ranges. I keep waiting for him to return to his prewar habit using quaint phrases to describe the earth. It's a beach ball, a sun-ripened fruit. But he simply looks out the window, eating almond crunches, the wrappers floating away. The view clearly fills his consciousness. It is powerful enough to silence him, to still the voice that rolls off the roof of his mouth, to leave him turned in the seat, twisted uncomfortably for hours at a time. ...

The view is endlessly fulfilling. It is like the answer to a lifetime of questions and vague cravings. It satisfies every childlike curiosity, every muted desire, whatever there is in him of the scientist, the poet, the primitive seer, the watcher of fire and shooting stars, whatever obsessions eat at the night side of his mind, whatever sweet and dreamy yearning he has ever felt for nameless places faraway, whatever earth-sense he possesses, the neural pulse of some wilder awareness, a sympathy for beasts, whatever belief in an immanent vital force, the Lord of Creation, whatever secret harboring of the idea of human oneness,

whatever wishfulness and simplehearted hope, whatever of too much and not enough,

all at once and little by little, whatever burning urge to escape responsibility and routine, escape his own overspecialization, the circumscribed and inward-spiraling self, whatever remnants of his boyish longing to fly, his dreams of strange spaces and eerie heights, his fantasies of happy death, whatever indolent and sybaritic leanings, lotus-eater, smoker of grasses and herbs, blue-eyed gazer into space—all these are satisfied, all collected and massed in that living body, the sight he sees from the window.

"It is just so interesting," he says at last. "The colours and all."

The colours and all.

-Excerpt from "Human Moments in World World III" by Don DeLillo, 1983.

One of the best ending paragraphs and a great short story.

Escape to the City

By Antonia Yee

The street is dull and grey with enthusiasm. I walk briskly through the chilly air; walking with authority, long matched strides, as though I know where I am going and what I am doing. In truth, I am merely wandering.

Occasionally I pause by the window of a store, pretending to admire the trinkets I cannot afford. Secretly I am watching the endless wave of unknown, nameless faces roll by, imagining personalities, but not really wanting to know. I enjoy ignorantly categorizing them, fantasizing about their real lives, projecting my hopes and fears on to them.

No one pauses to speak to me, and I am largely ignored. Try as I might, I cannot catch anyone looking at me, save a few dirty old men, leering and trying to wipe the drool off their faces with the back of their hands. I can almost feel their lewd comments assaulting me in the air. I know what they are thinking, or at least I content myself in thinking that I do.

Frostbitten and windblown, I enter the next coffee shop I see. In a hopeful and polite voice I ask the lady at the counter for "a medium tea to stay. Milk and two sugars, please." She, however, is non-communicative, and I can sense that she has no intentions towards conversation. I grab a seat in the slowly-but-surely decreasing smoking section and read the Sunday Sun, gratefully purchased and provided for aimless customers like myself.

Under the guise of reading the classified section, I am actually subtly and intently eavesdropping on the conversations around me. Two men in suits are busily babbling about business and the ways of the market in their commanding "listen to me" voices. Mothers gossip about their incorrigible children, very nearly bragging about the failings of their loved ones. At the table next to mine sit two big-haired girls, chain-smoking and debating the meaning of life, the world and that really cute guy in that T.V. show, while the one tries

in vain to rock the pink-clad baby in the plastic carry-on to sleep. No one pays any attention to me at all, and I find myself utterly and completely alone.

Funny how you would imagine me desperate and alone. I am free. I am happy. And I am independent.

Having grown up in the comfortable confines of a small community an hour north of the big city, I find myself basking in the rays of solidarity. I am not a country bumpkin dazzled by the bright lights and flashing neon of the city. I have visited many times.

In a suburban community, such as the one I grew up in, there is only one public high school, four donut shops, a gambling hall, and one major hangout - the pool hall. Walking up and down the two main streets, it is difficult to get too far without running into someone you know. Everywhere you go, horns beep and people wave or stop to give their greetings: friends, neighbours, friends of friends and one's parents friends.

I love these people, I don't feel any resentment towards them, but I constantly find myself without the space or time to just sit and reflect on what is most important to me... myself. The effect is almost claustrophobic and privacy is a little-known luxury here.

So for those of you who anonymously bustle down the city streets laden with secret Christmas presents, cursing the ill weather and sighing with impatience to be back home in the comfort of the familiar, of those you love - think of me. You are free.

The Long Woman

By Peter Smith
19 June 1994

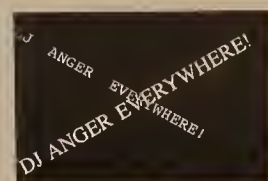
She seems so alive in a strange sort of way. Flashing from one moment to the next. As if within her there is a need. That no single expressive measure should go unused, lest she be ignored. I watch her quietly, as a man carefully listening to music, hoping to catch every nuance of the symphony.

As spirits dance 'round her myriad orbits, Each with its own unique little step I dream that we are together at last, In a moonlit garden, beside a fountain. Our arms entwined, my lips touch her neck. Hearing this, the Angel comes down And stirs up the pool; but I lack the courage.

To rise up and plunge headlong in the water.

"You love me, don't you?" She asks again. Her eyes are wide with feigned great need. "Beyond measure," I say with a comfortable smile.

Mocking a little, playing the game I pass the test. She is satisfied.



SPOOKY TALES FROM THE SUBCONSCIOUS: THE TURKEY INCIDENT

The silver wrapped turkey lay thawing on the counter, tiny drops of water forming a small puddle around it, reflecting the glare from the shiny tin foil into my eyes. My mom had finally gotten around to pulling last Christmas' leftover turkey out of the freezer. There's nothing I love more than hot turkey sandwiches. My mom said dinner would be about thirty minutes so I went downstairs to watch a little Cheers. I leapt down the first five stairs and landed on the grey carpeted landing. Turning to go down the second flight to the basement I noticed a silver-blue glow radiating from the room at the bottom of the stairs; an unworldly, alien light that was most out of place emanating eerily from a laundry room. I walked down a couple of steps towards the glow before I saw it: a glowing silver object lay on the floor in front of the washer. As I watched the round metallic thing it stretched and became the vague outline of a human head. This disembodied head slowly rolled onto its side and looked at me. I was mesmerized by this horrible monstrosity, its eyes stared straight into mine,

taunting me, drawing me closer, closer, closer to its gaping maw and huge slathering mandibles. I shrieked and ran back up the stairs, away from a certain, disgusting death. I found my mother talking to a strange woman in the kitchen where seconds before my mother had been alone, but I dismissed it, and the memory of the evil head too. My mom introduced the woman as an old friend that she had invited to dinner, which incidentally would be served in a matter of minutes. I looked at this foreign woman in my kitchen and marveled at her silver dress. It was very odd for a woman to be wearing a silver dinner dress to a casual meal with friends. She turned to me and smiled. I smiled back. Something was wrong with her though, her smile was slowly corrupted by a horrible, toothy, evil grin. Her dress began to glow that sickly green colour that I had seen in the laundry room and the smell of spoilt turkey permeated the air. The woman grabbed a carving knife that had been resting on the counter and came towards me shouting, "You should have finished me at Christmas. You never should have made me into leftover."

She lunged at me, as I stood with my mouth agape, pondering the incomprehensible threat that had just been hurled at

me, and almost missed grabbing her arm before it plunged handle-deep into my chest. We wrestled heatedly for the knife but I was no match for this maddened woman.

My doom was imminent.

A vile, inhuman death.

In our struggles we inched through the kitchen door and towards the stairs, until we finally toppled over the edge, bouncing all the way to the bottom, her dress making a horrible cringe loud sound the entire way. When we finally came to a rest she wasn't moving. The carving knife embedded in her chest. I wrenched the knife from her chest, unconscious of the lack of blood, and severed her still grinning head with one clean chop. The head and its malicious leer disappeared. I drove the knife repeatedly into her chest, still hearing her words even though she was now headless; "You should have eaten me. I never should have been frozen". I stopped stabbing before I realized the woman's chest was made entirely of turkey.

Yes the leftovers had tried to kill me.

I awoke screaming.

art & LITERATURE

For Dec. 6 whose date will never go away, and whose date will never seems the same. 14 female students at the Ecole Polytechnique who are more than just names for yearly commemoration...a reminder that sometimes "Peace on Earth begins at home".



I THOUGHT ... I ALWAYS COULD LOVE

"Whenever I'm alone, with you...

However far away...I will always love you."

I thought that I would always
love you,
but you never came.
How could you do that to me?
How could you hurt me?
Why have you done this to me?
I thought I could always love you...
I cry without you.
Alone...
Why did you leave me here to die...
I have witnessed my demise...
my death...
I will always love you...

I waited for you...
I waited.
I hoped for your arrival.
I felt my heart beat for you every second.
I so alone without you.

Why have you left me?
I am alone.
Away from home and so scared and now
without you.

This is my promise.
My life to relive.
I will mourn this day.
No one will ever see my pain.
Painted on my face.

A smile will never cross my lips again...

"however far away...
I will always love you."

Why do I feel so cold inside without you?
"I will always love you."
I thought I could always love you...

I hate you for not being here,
here where you are needed...
with me.
"You make me feel like I am young again."
I need you for that feeling...
for any feeling at all.
All I can feel is fear,
absolute, overwhelming fear.
I see the end of every happiness
I have ever experienced.

"You make me feel like I am fun
again".
Never again.
No further joy will be experienced
in my lifetime.

"Whenever I'm alone with you"...
I am now alone...
without you.
You make me feel unhappy...
deserted...desecrated...shameful...
I will always love you...

-e. b. Southwood
(-quotations taken from
The Cure's "LOVESONG")

These names...ces noms...here in
black and white for all the world to
see. Our eyelids burn, we cannot
look. We did not imagine. Ces
noms...leurs noms...names which
might have been our own. Wrapped in
our womanly arms. Safe in our feminist
hearts. Ces noms...once
inscribed...imprinted...can never be
erased...jamais.

-Ces Noms, Murdered by Misogyny
Lin Gibson

je me souviens...

UNREQUITED

like furtive bacteria you invade my blood
coursing through my passive veins
a parasite never to be rid of
mocking my paralyzed brain with your
warped visions of utopia you twist
a hollow shard squeezing your venom
into my naked soul
corrupting
my muse.

by Diane Sidik

The Long Road

I don a sad grey cloud as I go out into the
cold.

I feel the cold heat, the dry rain, the
calm storm; Or, perhaps, the calm before
the Storm.
What is old?

Is it that eye of the hurricane, a shallow
within the deeps (creeping up on you like
the wind, swirling all around you,
encircling)? A second layer of skin,
obscuring the purity of the first with the
grizzle of the new.
How old is change?

A curving path for but one, which leaves
no tracks: past, present, or future. To
walk the unmarked line, to take your
first few steps. A youthful vibrance is
found and lost.
At what cost?

Innocence.

By Erinn.



Love in front of the Family Christ-
mas tree in Portland, Ore., 1977

Courtney Love from Hole

YOU CAN BE THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT

You're like the highway
which I know I will never ride
You take me to part of my mind
I never knew existed.
You bring my dream to life
The dream of music constant
twilight sunset,
our favourite car, tapes in the back
You pass the real me
Exist in a parallel universe
Thoughts fly out of my mind faster

now that I've trained it to
forget your beautiful body, hot embrace,
fascinating mind.

Walks in warm weather
moon by my side
That's who you are
Sweat on my brow, desert
landscapes.
That one who I dream of when
I close my eyes

Warm sweetness and nights
under trees.
All that is gone, tucked into
bedtime memories not sure to fade
Matthew is "gift from God"
Gentle wind, giving soul,
compassionate being
That is what is gone and I miss it.

-R. Murray

RECORDS & REVIEWS



Bikini Kill
Rebel Girl 7"
(Kill Rock Stars)

Great driving pure punk rock here, and possibly the best single of '94. There's no let-up on the power, with none other than Joan Jett providing second guitar and vocals, while (goddess) Kathleen Hanna's vocals are as pissed-off and self-assured as ever. Musically and lyrically, Bikini Kill scream conviction and integrity, cutting through all the pathetic media hype about "Riot Grrrl", and the band itself, with their strongest, hardest record yet.

Edeet Shields

OOPS, WRONG DECADE.



Ten Foot Pole
Rev LP
(Epitaph/Cargo)

Ten Foot Pole's sound comes across as a watered-down NOFX; the comparison is immediately evident after hearing the opening riff of "Never Look Back". The songs themselves are consistent, and thankfully the album doesn't lag, so one is less likely to skip songs. However, *Rev* is not recommended to those who are tired of these Epitaph or NOFX sound-alikes.

The music on the record is lead by a clear and consistent beat and filled in by equally clear lyrics. The quick choppy style of guitar playing seems to work around this straight-ahead style, giving the songs a catchy rhythm. The lyrics on *Rev* aim mostly at a need for "change", but there is no pretense of knowing how things should be. Songs like "Fade Away" and "Muffled" rely on more personal subjects, but share a feeling that most people can identify with. Overall, *Rev* isn't a terribly original, but it is a good collection of happy fun music.

Bill McAdie



G. Love & Special Sauce

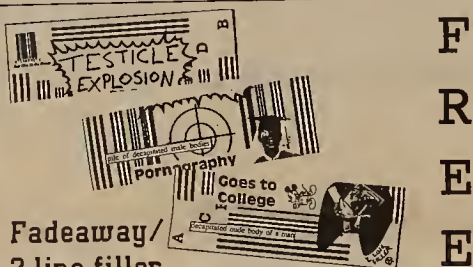
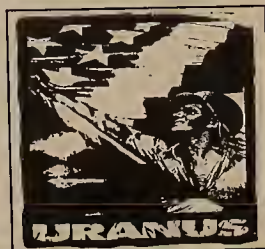
The dobro-playin' loverKid himself along with da sauce Jimmy Prescott (string bass, pictured centre) and scat-man Jeffrey Clemens on drums and heckles (right) comes to Lee's Palace on Monday, January 23rd. Read all about the self-proclaimed rag-mop purveyors in the next issue of *The Innis Herald*.



**Immoral Squad/
Union of Uranus split 7"**
(Great American Steak Religion)

Ridiculously excellent Canadian hardcore on this untitled slab, as Québec City's Immoral and Ottawa's Union team up to shatter eardrums. Immoral hit hardest, with two tracks of racetrack thrash that combines tight hammering speed reminiscent of the best Japan has to offer, with hardness and crunch in the old NYHC vein — a brutal mix that few have previously attempted. Union, on the other hand, favour a heavier, more discordant attack in the style of Rorschach or mid-period Neurosis, and also impress mightily. It's good to see that in this time of Lollapalooza and the Offspring, real punk is still thriving without the hipsters and parasites.

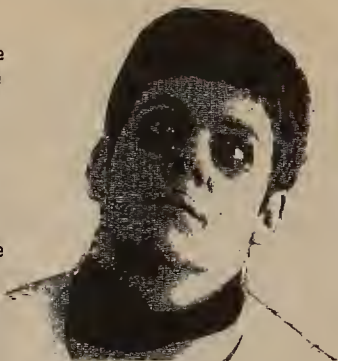
Omnia Punko



**F
R
E
E**

Fadeaway/ 2 line filler split 7"

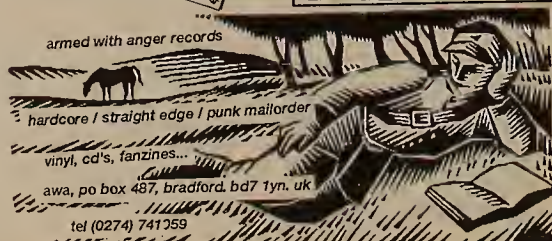
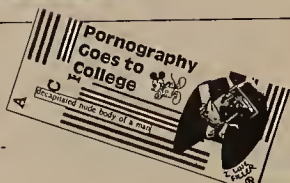
Free copies to the first three people who call 516-0116 and identify this famous Toronto icon (creative guesses count). Leave your name and number and you will receive this rare and exciting vinyl!



Chokehold
Burning Bridges 7"
(Bloodlink Records)

Hamilton's finest, and definitely one of the better of the "new-school" stompy hardcore bands, Chokehold check in here with their best vinyl yet. The 7" is still primarily slowish, heavy hardcore with metallic influences, but it also contains some faster passages and somewhat short songs. Although some of the lyrics verge on the preachy or simplistic, this is still far ahead of a generally uninspiring pack.

Sears Kenmore



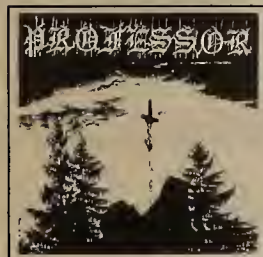
RECORDS & REVIEWS



Iconoclast
Who Does the Freedom and Equality Exist For? 7"
(Blurred Records)

What a surprise — a Japanese hardcore record and I like it! This is great: five songs of heavily-SDS-influenced powercore, detonating outrageous speedbombs of mind-melting aggre... OK, OK, enough of the gratuitous Pusheadism, but this really is an essential slab for any serious student of Nippon punk. Great packaging, superb raw hardcore noise, generic anti-war lyrics — this has got it all.

Farley Bissoondath



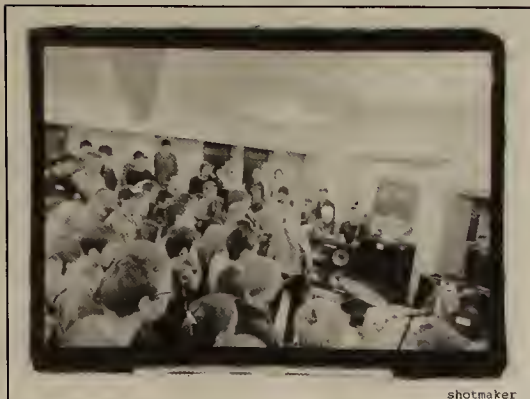
Professor
Academizer 7"
(Epitaph)

Wow! "Grindcore" is usually a 50/50 proposition with me, but this absolutely smokes — in fact, it's probably the best example of the genre that I've heard. The sound? Imagine Terrorizer listening to Siege and Infest for 36 hours straight, downing a couple of crates of Jolt Cola, and deciding some of their favourite tracks from the first couple of Kreator LPs would sound so much better at, oh, say, seven or eight times the speed... Tight as fuck and brutal like no "metal" (excepting Slayer) you've ever heard. As if the music wasn't enough, this German outfit rules conceptwise; coupled with the name and EP title, song titles such as "Into the Auditorium" seem to indicate a sort of "Carcass of post-secondary education" theme happening. Tell me that doesn't beat militant veganism or "smash the state" as a lyrical inspiration. Buy this.

W.P. Watmough

Punk Rock New Year's Eve

South-Ontario
Style



noami freeman



noami freeman

Saturday, December 31st, 1994 St. Andrew's Church Cobourg, Ontario

This New Year's Eve was particularly historical with respect to Ontario hardcore, because of the effort that was made between cities to find a venue for the 11-band show that happened in Cobourg. The show was a lot of fun and hopefully inspired some good sentiments among everyone involved. Highlights of the day were Union of Uranus (Ottawa), Shotmaker (Belleville, top photo), Three Studies For A Crucifixion (Ohio), Chokehold (Hamilton) and frail (Pennsylvania, bottom photo).



Morbid Organs Mutilation
WAR 7"
(Rodel)

Live Japanese crustcore here — the first side has exceptional sound quality and the second is at least listenable. Lest you mistake their influences, the band covers Doom and ENT chestnuts. Okay, no big innovations here, but hell, it's fast, it's noisy, it's Japanese, and it has a song entitled "Carry On Vomiting". What more do you want?

Sears Kenmore



Systrat
Maximum Entertainment 7"
(Per Koro)

Hot on the heels of the Professor 7" comes another grinding goodie from Germany, this one a little more on the hardcore side — a cross between early Rorschach and Crossed Out, tempered with a little grind, perhaps? Really harsh stuff here, although excessive in the Bladerunner-sampling department. Great packaging, too.

Omnia Punko

Golgotha
Ich Wiess Nicht... 7"
(Spring Records)

Golgotha, along with such outfits as Zorn, Luzifer's Mob, Abyss, and Acme, are spearheading an important new wave of German hardcore. While some of these bands continue in the finest Euro- tradition of lightening-speed powerthrash, Golgotha are, like Luxembourg's Wounded Knee and France's Finger Print, pioneering a new style of European hardcore for the mid-'90s, a style that builds on the popular current American emo/post-hardcore sound exemplified by Heroin, Antioch Arrow, and most of the bands on Gravity or Ebullition. The European bands, however, play similarly-structured music without sacrificing the raw guitar power and frantic aggression that has long marked the best European punk. Great, anguished, DIY hardcore, and, as with all good hardcore, definitely not for Bad Religion/Green Day fans.

Sears Kenmore



LARM
Destroy Sexism EP 7"
(Wicked Witch Records)

Culled from two practices that LARM recorded almost 10 years ago, the 12 songs on this legitimate multi-recipient (t.b.a.) benefit record provide a good argument against the anal techno fetish of CD-worshipping, 96-track-recording-buying audiophiles. The thing is the music, and the rough sound-quality of these tape-deck rehearsal tracks only adds to the noisy and chaotic thrashing of the Dutch legends; after all, *larm* is Dutch for "noise". I wouldn't really recommend this to anyone just getting used to hardcore, but if you like your power violent and want to explore the roots of modern brutality, this is as good a place as any to start.

Moodie Urquhart

Go see the sneak preview of
Before Sunrise
free at
Innis Town Hall on
Monday, January 23rd
7:00 p.m.

the innis herald: january 1995.

FILM & MOVIE reviews

Rich Month of Entertainment at the Poor Alex

Not far from Innis, near that in-curious hipster coffee house that is Future's Bakery... lies the Poor Alex Theatre at Brunswick. Some productions of some note will be taking place there during the chilly month of January. To warm yourselves up during the weather, try taking in a few plays which might expand your mind. I haven't seen their productions, but I'm sure this theatre company may have its fair share of glitches. BUT... something new can often be more rewarding. *A Month of Entertainment* is going on right now at the Poor Alex Theatre, with the premiere of a new David Mamet play and the start of a new theatre company. *As Is* is committed to staging drama that is "entertaining, provocative and stimulating". It presents *La Ronde* as its first production for the company and its creative partnership of an artistic director (Vicky Cook) technical director (Craig Steadman) and a producer (Chris Borst).

La Ronde is set in late 19th Century Vienna and has been adapted by the National Ballet in 198. *La Ronde* uses 10 dialogues which examine the contradiction between the characters' pro-

fessed Victorian morality, which they express externally, and their very different, internal, often irresistible, sexual appetites. *The Actor's Nightmare* is produced by TBA Productions and tells the tale of a hapless accountant who finds himself on stage acting in some of the greatest texts of theatre, without knowing his lines or which play he is in. Written by Christopher Durang, this production will be performed at midnight. If you need a change from the grind of nightclubs, *this Nightmare* might be more entertaining.

And then there's the ubiquitous David Mamet, Pulitzer Prize winning author (*Glengarry Glen Ross*, *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* and *American Buffalo*), screenwriter (*The Untouchables*, *The Verdict*, *Hoffa*) and "name in the news" for *Oleanna* (the sexual harassment play/movie). The two productions in "An Evening with David Mamet" start off the *Month of Entertainment*. *Bobby Gould in Hell* is the one-act sequel to his 1988 Broadway play *Speed-The-Plow* which you may remember starred Joe Mantegna, Ron Silver and Madonna.....*Bobby*

Gould in Hell continues the trials of the Hollywood producer as he is brought to hell to be interrogated. *The Woods* "is Mamet's attempt to probe deep into the nature of sexual identity with two young lovers whose joyful night in a cabin ultimately wears thin and violent". It was performed off Broadway in 1978.

The cast and crew of the above productions bring experience, energy and roots in the Toronto Theatre. Looking at their additional info./mini theatrical "curriculum vitae", you have people with extensive theatrical and television experience. The directors have extensive work both as actors and directors in charge. That's all I can pretty much tell you in such a short space, so get out there and see what they're up to. Don't come running to me if they're not your fancy. All I know is, something (independent theatre) has to save us from Drabinsky-produced Phantoms, Miss Saigon and future invasions of "Beauty and the Beast" and "Sunset Boulevard". Disney on Ice doesn't seem as pathetic compared to those productions.

Month of Entertainment at the Poor Alex

Play	Date	Time	Price
An Evening With David Mamet: <i>Bobby Gould in Hell</i> , <i>The Woods</i>	Jan. 3	8pm to 14	1/2 price Tues. Wed&Thur \$8 Fri Sat \$10
<i>La Ronde</i>	Jan. 17	8pm to 28	1/2 price Tues. Wed&Thur \$8 Fri & Sat \$10
<i>The Actor's Nightmare</i>	Jan. 6-7	midnight 13-14, 20-21, 27-28	Fri & Sat \$6

Tickets for 2 shows **\$2.00 off**,
Tickets for 3 shows **\$5.00 off**
Pay What You Can performances
Sun. Jan. 8 and Sun. Jan. 22.-
both
start at 3pm Ticket and info.
liner: 963-9224

S.F.W. (Jeffery Levy)

Terrorists take five people hostage in a convenience store and the ordeal is broadcast nightly on every network. Cliff Spab (Stephen Dorff) is the hostage who, as he consumes junk food and beer and spits out bullshero. The film begins with Cliff Spab dealing with his new found status as a celebrity, being hounded by Oprah and autograph seekers. Amidst the media uproar Spab confronts the death of his buddy Joe who was killed inside the store, and supports his new estranged girlfriend Wendy.

Spab mania forces Cliff to run out of town where he hangs out with weird friends (Jake Bussey), and hosts his own MTV show. The guiding Spab-ian philosophy of "So Fucking What" which guides this film is an innovative expose of the media culture that promotes twenty-something angst which dominates so much today.

Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle

By Alan Rudolph

Mrs. Parker (Jennifer Jason Leigh) is first introduced in 1937 as a weary Hollywood screenwriter, as she recounts tales of bygone days in New York. The Roaring Twenties was a time of prohibition liquor, and much sophisticated partying. Central to the feel of the period was a literary circle which included Dorothy Parker, a woman who began as a freelance critic and became a renowned humourist.

The film is sharply inflected with the endless wit of Mrs. Parker's one-liners, and jaded by the more sombre tones of her anguish as the result of a failed marriage, and a series of miserable affairs, including one with the playwright Charles MacArthur (Matthew Broderick). The director, Alan Rudolph, who worked with Robert Altman on *Nashville*, displays some private moments of life as incidental snippets in the same vein as does Altman, for example, in *Short Cuts*, although Rudolph's own resplendent style prevails.

Cobb

By Ron Shelton

Sportswriter Al Stump (Robert Ruhl) is hired by Ty Cobb (Tommy Lee Jones), apparently the greatest baseball player that ever lived, to write his biography. The film is more about the relationship between a dying Cobb and a sportswriter than it is about the much publicized ruthlessness (greatly understated) of a man who attacked his opponents with his steel-toed shoes sliding into base, and abused both his wives.

Regardless of the irreverent depravity of Cobb, a character lacking any sense of fundamental decency, the film insists on affirming the legendary status of this American Hero. Memorable slogans are brought forth in the film to lend merit to Cobb's character such as "The desire for glory is no sin," and Al Stump's final words "A Prince and a great man has fallen". Tommy Lee Jones in the title role is naturally superb in all of his blustery non-appeal, yet it is an evident, non-challenging performance. In the end the film emits no surprises and bores one to tears.

METROPOLITAN

TRUE ROMANCE
Jan. 13, 14 7:00 pm
NATURAL BORN KILLERS
Jan. 13, 14 9:15 pm
THE BROWNING VERSION
Jan. 17 - 19 7:00 pm
THE ROAD TO WELLVILLE
Jan. 17 - 19 9:15 pm
...AND GOD SPOKE
Jan. 24, 25 7:00 pm
THIS IS SPINAL TAP
Jan. 24, 25 7:00 pm
BARAKA
Jan. 28 midnight
Jan. 29 4:00 pm
... and many more !
24 Hr. CINEMA HOTLINE :
3 2 3 - 3 2 3 3

Disclosure

By Barry Levinson

Tom Sanders (Michael Douglas) head of the production department of a computer company sues for sexual harassment after his boss, Meredith Johnson (Demi Moore), an old flame, makes advances at him. Sanders' motivation for suing his boss is not sexual, but a professional rebuttal, since Johnson has already accused him of the same; so to save his ass (so to speak) he is compelled to act the victim.

In addition, the company's urge to fire Sanders is a plot that is unmotivated, although it echoes the incidents that occurred at IBM where many long term employees were shafted for no particular reason. None of the actors or the assorted plots, sexual or otherwise, provide tension that makes this story move forward to what should be a climactic denouement.

Dance Me Outside

By Bruce McDonald

Set on the Kibabane Reserve McDonald's latest tale centres around Silas Crow (Ryan Black), an eighteen year old who does not know if he is going to be a writer, or remain a metalhead for the rest of his life. Crow hangs out with his buddy Frank Fencepost, and quarrels with his girlfriend Sadie. During one particular weekend Crow's sister, Ilianna, comes home with her white yuppie-lawyer husband, who cannot provide her with the one thing the family is expecting- a child. Gooch, Ilianna's ex-boyfriend is released from prison and goes directly to the "rez". A bar brawl results in the killing of a young woman by Clarence Gaskill who basically gets a slap on the hand.

One year later, upon Gaskill's return, Gooch gets Crow and the other boys to revenge the girl's death. Ilianna returns, still childless, with her husband who is treated to a night of celebration by the local boys. With a very talented ensemble cast, especially Ryan Black as Silas Crow, *Dance Me Outside* is an entertaining, humorous and jaunting journey.